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The Shape of Things

THE EUROPEAN AIR WAS THICK WITH NEW appeasement rumors last week. Some of these were obviously hatched in Berlin where they are regarded as uncommonly useful weapons for a war of nerves. Nazi confidence in a "peaceful" solution of the Danzig question which would give them the city unconditionally was coupled with hints of British pressure on Poland designed, no doubt, to sow dissension between Warsaw and London. That such tactics are attempted at all is a measure of the general disbelief throughout Europe in Mr. Chamberlain's change of heart. The interminable delays in the Moscow negotiations, the haggling over the terms of the proposed loan to Poland, have given support to these fears. Nor were all the rumors pure fabrications. The most astonishing of all—the report that Britain was considering buying off Hitler with a huge loan—proved to have a substantial foundation.

Helmuth Wohlthat, chief economic adviser to Field Marshal Göring, went to London ostensibly to attend a whaling convention and harpooned a very leviathan of appeasement. In the course of unofficial conversations with R. S. Hudson, head of the Department of Overseas Trade, he was given an outline of a scheme for an Anglo-German convention. Its outstanding feature was a suggestion of a five-billion-dollar loan to enable Germany to change over from a war to a peace economy in return for steps toward disarmament, withdrawal from Czechoslovakia, and general willingness to follow the ways of peaceful negotiation. When news of these talks leaked out—very prematurely, as Mr. Hudson ruefully explained—the British government was forced to admit that such plans had been discussed and to declare that they in no way represented Cabinet views. Mr. Chamberlain has declared in fact that he knew nothing about the conversations, but it is difficult to believe that such a brainchild could have been the immaculate conception of Mr. Hudson. Nor is the fact that it was stillborn any guaranty that there may not be a successor at an indecently short interval. The adjournment of Parliament on August 4 will leave Mr. Chamberlain with more freedom of action than he has enjoyed for many months.

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THE SAKHALIN ISLAND DISPUTE GIVES SOME evidence of being the most serious of the many which have broken out between Japan and the Soviet Union in recent years. Sakhalin oil is particularly important to Japan; it is the only petroleum available in the Far East which can be converted into high-test gasoline for airplanes. Should the United States impose an embargo on the export of war supplies to Japan, Tokyo's hope of maintaining its position in China would rest on the possibility of regaining full control of the Sakhalin production. Since the Soviets have stopped all exports of war materials to Japan in recent months, the penalties imposed on the Japanese-owned Sakhalin wells may be part of a carefully planned move to deprive Tokyo of this oil. The Soviet Union may have supposed that the United States would do its share in checking the flow from this country. But any such action seems now indefinitely postponed along with efforts to amend the Neutrality Act. Senator Pittman's resolution to embargo the export of raw materials to Japan and that of Senator Vandenberg suggesting the denunciation of the 1911 treaty with Japan are now regarded as buried, at any rate until the next session of Congress.

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JAPAN HAS ALSO FOUND COMPENSATION for its military and economic difficulties in what appears to be a diplomatic triumph over Britain. The first fruit of the negotiations in Tokyo occasioned by the Tientsin dispute is an agreed formula which must be regarded as going a long way toward meeting the Japanese claims for a dominant position in China. By this instrument the British government recognizes "the actual situation in China where hostilities on a large scale are in progress" and notes that as a consequence the Japanese forces "have special requirements for the purpose of safeguarding their own security and maintaining public order in the regions under their control." There follows a disclaimer of any intention on the part of Britain to take measures prejudicial to these objectives. A supplementary agreement states that Britain still has the right to make representations and declares that the formula in no way affects the position of other powers. Note is also taken of the representations made by the British Ambassador on the subject of press recriminations and anti-British agitation. The most striking point about these agreements is the fact that Britain has given *de facto* recognition to the Japanese occupation of a large section of China without obtaining in return even a promise of respect for its rights. The extremely vague wording leaves a wide field for interpretation—a science in which the Japanese are peculiarly gifted. In particular there is no definition of "the regions under their control," and it is significant that Mr. Chamberlain, when questioned in the Commons, evaded this very vital issue.

IN COMMENTING ON *THE NATION'S* REPORT and editorial analysis of The Coughlin Terror, Mayor La Guardia bowed to an old City Hall custom. He vigorously defended his police force, in the face of documented evidence of police partiality toward the Coughlinites. On the surface his defense may have suggested alarming apathy to a deepening problem, but fortunately a mayor's public utterances do not always jibe with his official acts. We have reason to hope that this is such an occasion. The Mayor has in fact ordered two of his aides to investigate the disorders created by Coughlinites throughout New York, and such an inquiry can scarcely overlook the central issue of police behavior. Until that inquiry is made the Mayor may be expected to assume the innocence of his police. We are convinced that no thorough inquiry will justify the assumption. We will gladly submit shield-numbers, moreover, of officers whose behavior was definitely partisan in some of the incidents reported last week, along with new evidence which has subsequently been received. But perhaps the most important and promising item in the Mayor's statement was his emphatic declaration that "inciting to riot does not come within the guaranties of free speech." This was the basis of our demand for his intervention. Coughlin's Christian Front is deliberately fomenting disorder and violence. It has been periodically aided in this task by sympathetic police. It is the Mayor's difficult but urgent responsibility to curb these elements, inside and outside the police force. Meanwhile, we intend to follow and expose every phase of the Coughlin terror. It is noteworthy that only the New York *Times* summarized *The Nation's* charges and the Mayor's reply; the other dailies continued to pretend that they hadn't heard or seen anything of Coughlinite activity.

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A MAN CAN STARVE TO DEATH IN A MONTH. We hope the sober warning of the United States Conference of Mayors will succeed, where WPA strikes seem to have failed, in impressing upon Congress the need to revise the new Federal Relief Act, particularly its inhuman provision for thirty-day "furloughs." This is the first time we have heard furlough used as a synonym for fast. The furlough itself will in many cases become permanent, the Mayors point out, since 650,000 must be dropped from the WPA rolls in the next two months because of reduced appropriations, and that is exactly the number now being given their month's "leave of absence" from three meals a day. The Mayors complain that the federal government has never yet kept its 1935 promise to provide a WPA job for every "employable"; there were 1,000,000 jobless employables eligible for WPA before the cuts began. There will be many millions more if the Relief Act is not amended. The reduced appropriation will bring the number on the rolls down to 1,800,000 by September, as compared with 3,100,000

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last October. It will be impossible to maintain even these shrunken totals under the new provision requiring municipalities to pay 25 per cent of the cost of work projects. This is the major difficulty, but the statement issued by the Mayors through La Guardia in New York details a long list of ingenious minor provisions in the act, all cruelly calculated to provide as little relief as possible. It is hard to believe that Congress could have realized the full effect of what it was doing when it passed this act. Those who wrote it seem to have worked in the spirit of a small boy, slowly and absent-mindedly dismembering a fly.

*

AFTER WRECKING THE COUNTRY'S RELIEF system, making impossible a coherent foreign policy, undermining the wage-hour law, and preparing the destruction of the Wagner Act, Congress, ironically, has passed a bill "To Prevent Pernicious Political Activities." But if you think that means it has decided to adjourn you will be disappointed. It means that if you work for the federal government—and for the purposes of this bill WPA jobs are work, not relief—you may not take part in any kind of organized political activity. Nor may anyone solicit from you or even receive from you any part of your income "for any political purpose whatever." Ostensibly the bill is intended to prevent the party in power from converting the federal payroll into a huge slush fund, and with that objective there can be no quarrel. Federal employees who have "authority or influence," unless they are Cabinet members or major administrators, are prohibited under the bill from using their offices to affect election results, and, whatever the motives of this particular Congress, that is a laudable prohibition. But why should workers who have no jobs to promise and no plums to bestow be deprived of the ordinary rights of a citizen to thump the tub for any political candidate that takes his fancy? It would not have been hard to draw the line. The distinction could have been made between those who have the right to hire and fire and those who don't. The failure of the Hatch bill to make that little distinction not only works a discriminating hardship on the party in office, which presumably has its campaign talent concentrated in the service, but makes it impossible for government workers to lend their support to any minority party.

*

GERMANY HAS NOW OFFICIALLY ADMITTED an increasing shortage of both labor and raw materials in a report which strikingly confirms the two articles on the labor and food situation in the Reich that appeared in *The Nation* of three weeks ago. (That this confession is made just at the time of Mr. Hudson's new move for appeasement indicates that it may be both a demand and a threat.) But Germany's need for labor may wear another aspect to our own unemployed who are counted by the millions while great quantities of raw materials, and finished ones as well, lie unused. In poverty-stricken Germany the Nazis have hung up a record figure for employed workers—21,840,000 for the old Reich alone—which causes Nazi officials to deplore Germany's low post-war birth rate. Germany will have five million fewer workers for the next twenty years than in the past two decades. The American unemployed and the dismissed WPA workers must get as dizzy reading the news of "Men Wanted" in Germany as the starving Sudeten worker who a year ago saw everybody at work across the frontier. It is all very well to argue that it is not fascism that works the miracle of complete employment—however meager it may be in real wages—but a totalitarian war economy in the peculiar peace of these post-Munich days; that the same miracle worked in the democracies during the war, and that we could achieve the same unnatural boom immediately if we should build a bridge to China or simply throw immense amounts of material and work into the Pacific. The hungry man who wants work takes a shorter view, the view from meal to meal—until at last he is ready to follow any demagogue who promises three a day.

*

IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT SIN SHOULD SEEM more exciting to good men like Governor Dickinson of Michigan than to the rest of us who can't see the forest for the trees. And when he reproduces that old print of the "brink of ruin" with beautiful girls plunging over it while villains smile their gloating smiles, we can only gaze with admiration touched with nostalgia. But the summer news is rich in items that rival Dickinson. We've been trying to work out a moral for the Governor in the revelation of Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars that the cheese which mice from time immemorial have risked their lives to get gives them indigestion. On the other hand we were depressed by the announcement of a Harvard astronomer that there are stars in the sky which have been trying for ages, poor devils, to "sneeze." Our favorite news item, however, came as usual from Germany where overeating has now been decreed an act of treason. The intemperance of the German people in consumption of meat and fats, said Professor G. M. Wirz of the National Socialist Bureau for Public Health, is "as bad a vice as immoderate smoking and drinking." It is also treason because it weakens Germany, and "without independence in food, there cannot be political independence." We are getting a little dizzy now. We feel like a mouse that wants to sneeze or a star that's eaten too much cheese. . . . One man's second helping is another man's sabotage. . . . We think we'll knock off, find that "brink of ruin," and throw ourselves after those beautiful girls. If this be treason. . . .

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Two Foreign Policies

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE defeat of the Administration's effort to change the Neutrality Act will have consequences that cannot yet be measured. It will affect the calculations of every power in Europe and Asia. It will modify the course of American business. It will dominate the activities of the next session of Congress. But the most serious result of the Senate's refusal to act is an immediate one: We have now two foreign policies, an Executive policy and a Congressional policy. Both are in full effect, one with the weight of law—the Neutrality Act—behind it, one supported by the power over foreign affairs of the President and the State Department. The two policies are in sharp conflict. One is based on the assumption that the United States can best protect its interests by withdrawing as completely as possible from foreign commitments in case of war. The other is based on the assumption that a general war may easily involve the United States and that the best hope of peace lies in strengthening the anti-aggression forces in Europe with the promise of arms and other war materials. The Senate has announced to the world that American policy will be isolationist. The President has promised that if war should start, Congress will be called into special session to reconsider the question.

Of the two policies, the one established by the Senate is for the time being the dominant one. For as long as the embargo provisions of the present bill stand unchanged, the efforts of the Administration to throw our decisive economic weight on the anti-fascist side of the balance will be blocked. To take such action after war starts would be to take sides with a vengeance; to do it now might preserve the peace. As the London *News Chronicle* said last week, "President Roosevelt is deprived of a great deal of his power to prevent war from breaking out this summer—and it is a great deal more important to prevent war from breaking out than to win it once it has broken out." The Administration will do what it can to pursue its own policy even in the face of the Senate's verdict, and it should do so. Above all, it should make certain that the facts behind its defeat on this issue are clearly understood—here and in Europe. Only by a sharp, and public, analysis of those facts can the misapprehensions of foreign governments, already reported in the press, be partly cleared up.

For the fact is that the Administration's neutrality proposals were not defeated on their merits. Partisan calculations were so inextricably mixed with isolationist conviction that they can never be separated or accurately weighed; that they were a major element in the Senate's final decision is not disputed by any informed political observer on either side of the fence. The negative decision in the Senate committee was reached by a single vote and the line-up was overwhelmingly partisan, with five disgruntled conservative Democrats joining the Republican minority to defeat the proposed amendment. It may be difficult to persuade Adolf Hitler of these political realities; but it is worth trying. For it is a bitter fact that America's relationship to the struggle in Europe has become a merely incidental factor in the fight between the President and the conservative coalition in Congress. Fear of increasing the power of the Executive, general opposition to the New Deal, above all, the imminence of the 1940 election: these were decisive weights in the small balance recorded against the President's foreign policy.

In any analysis of the factors in the Administration's defeat, it would be foolish to minimize the strength of isolationist sentiment. It exists—in Congress and in the country. And no small share of responsibility for its continued importance rests on Chamberlain and Daladier and the other European statesmen who, ever since 1931, have proved their readiness to compromise with or yield to the demands of the dictators. An almost unbreakable circle of inaction has thus been created: American isolationists urge that to support Britain and France is to support the allies of fascist aggression; while the "appeasers" in those countries find excuses for their policy in the refusal of the United States to promise aid in case of war. Hitler would long ago have wiped out this country's isolationism if Chamberlain had not so persistently and faithfully reinforced it.

But isolationist opinion in the Senate would not, by itself, have killed the effort to modify the Neutrality Act. The feeling of the country has by every test moved swiftly to the support of the Administration's foreign policy wherever that policy favored resistance to fascism. When the Administration itself pursued Chamberlain tactics in Spain, popular feeling went against it. The last few Gallup polls have registered an almost startling growth in anti-isolationist opinion. The Congress might not under any circumstances have reflected this sentiment numerically; but if party politics and the imminence of 1940 were eliminated from their minds, our legislators would certainly not have ignored it.

In the war of maneuver now in progress, a failure to act may be as decisive as a positive move. The refusal to change the neutrality law, whatever the intentions of the Senators may have been, was in effect a strategic move favoring the fascist powers. Hitler has been informed that it represented the overwhelming opinion of the American people in opposition to its "war-mongering" President. In 1914 Germany declared war under a misapprehension; the Kaiser really believed that Great Britain would remain neutral. Britain's policy of avoiding open commitments, its equivocal diplomacy at a time

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when great clarity was demanded, helped to precipitate the conflict. Britain also had two foreign policies. It is important today that Hitler be made to understand what lies behind the dual foreign policy of the United States: a domestic political struggle which has temporarily submerged both the issue itself and the actual division of opinion on that issue. As a result of the Senate's deceptive maneuver he apparently believes that the United States, in case of war, will continue to refuse arms to those who resist him. If so he may go as tragically astray as did the Kaiser in 1914—and Senator Borah may emerge as the spiritual heir of Lord Grey.

Who's Tampering with the Court Now?

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON LABOR has been holding hearings since May 4. The printed record of the testimony will soon run into a dozen volumes. No one has charged that the committee has failed to give every one who wanted to be heard a chance to say his piece. On the contrary the committee has become a sounding-board for the opponents of the Wagner Act. Yet, although the hearings are not yet completed and the committee is not ready to make its report, a coalition of Tory Democrats and Tory Republicans by a vote of 254 to 134 has taken an extraordinary step. It has shunted the committee aside and voted for another House investigation of the Labor Board by a new five-man committee to be named by the Speaker. "If this is reasonable," Congressman Flannery of Pennsylvania protested during the debate, "one can, with propriety, then ask for an investigation to investigate the investigators who are investigating the original investigation."

The lobby against the Wagner Act, made up of trusts disguised as small business men and giant canning corporations overalled as "farmers," would prefer to repeal the act altogether. Their second choice is to amend it out of all recognition. The first is politically impossible; the second has been blocked by the political footwork of the New Deal's Congressional leaders. But if they cannot repeal or "amend" the act, they can at least bedevil the board set up to administer it. The paper work necessitated by these investigations is enormous; *The Nation* has more than ten volumes prepared by the NLRB specifically to answer the charges made against it before the House Labor Committee. Most of the "witnesses" have represented the same interests. Congressman Hook of Michigan pointed out that of thirteen employer organizations which provided witnesses against the board, eleven are either in or affiliated with the National Association of Manufacturers. Of the twenty-eight independent unions appearing, twenty-seven were from N. A. M. companies. Of the thirty-six employer witnesses who appeared, twenty-three were from companies affiliated with the N. A. M. It is well to remember that the N. A. M. is not as representative as its name sounds. It has but 7,500 members out of more than 200,000 manufacturing companies in the country, or less than 4 per cent.

The new investigation, of course, is an attempt not to investigate the board but to hamper it. The terms of the inquiry also conceal a more daring ambition—to overrule the Supreme Court. The resolution directs the new committee to inquire, among other things, "Whether the NLRB has been fair in its interpretation of the law (particularly with respect to the definition of the term 'interstate commerce') . . ." But what constitutes interstate commerce is not a question of "fairness" but a question of constitutional law, and on this question the Supreme Court, which the right has assured us is the final tribunal for such questions, has already passed, not once but half a dozen times. Is the Tory coalition as high-handed with the judiciary as it accused the New Dealers of being two years ago? Congressman Smith of Virginia, sponsor of the resolution, confessed his dissatisfaction with the court when he said, "I voted against the National Labor Relations Board, and I did so on the ground that it was unconstitutional. I think it was palpably unconstitutional at that time, but time has changed the Supreme Court, and the Supreme Court has changed the Constitution."

We agree with Congressman Smith that the Constitution is what the judges say it is, and that the Constitution changes with the court. But when Mr. Roosevelt appealed to Congress and the country in these terms two years ago, the men and forces behind the Smith resolution accused him of undermining the republic. Mr. Roosevelt at least proposed to change the Constitution by appealing to Congress to transform the court. But Mr. Smith and his supporters seem to have so poor an opinion of our highest court that they think a special committee of one house enough to overrule it. For the question of what constitutes interstate commerce was the heart of the constitutional controversy settled by the Supreme Court. The right of the federal government to foster collective bargaining in interstate commerce was established long before the NLRB, in cases involving railway labor legislation. The Supreme Court was called upon to decide not whether federal law could protect the right of Jones & Laughlin steel workers to organize, but whether the manufacture of steel was part of "interstate commerce." The Supreme Court decided that it was. By the Smith resolution, our friends on the right—to whom the court two years ago was holy and untouchable—now propose to investigate not only the Labor Board but in effect the Supreme Court itself. Not without glee we ask: "Who's tampering with the Supreme Court now?"

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Britain Wins Back the Mediterranean

BY ALBERT VITON

"A NEW spirit of resolution now reigns in the Middle Sea," says the unofficial organ of the British Colonial Office; and judged by all recent developments in the Mediterranean, the Ethiopia-Munich era is over. In this area at least Britain is acting as if it meant business. Confidential information from various Mediterranean capitals shows that statesmen and publicists are convinced that the occupation of Albania will turn out to be even more costly to Mussolini than the occupation of Czechoslovakia has been to his opposite number in Germany.

During the Ethiopian crisis in 1935 the British fleet scuttled out of Malta without waiting to count ten. Had war broken out, it would likewise have had to abandon Alexandria, where it had taken shelter. All Egyptian bases including the Suez Canal were then undefended; Italian submarines and bombers would have met very little resistance. Indeed, British naval officers made no secret of their intention to clear out of the Mediterranean in case of hostilities and take up a position west of Gibraltar. Hasty efforts were made to develop the African route to the Far East. Even during the crisis in 1938, the British fleet hastily abandoned all positions east of Alexandria. But all this is now ancient history. Although aided by Germany to a greater extent than ever, Italy has been steadily losing ground, while Britain and, to a lesser extent, France have regained old positions.

Until recently Italian strategy was calculated on the basis of swift, decisive strokes delivered at disjointed points in a *Blitzkrieg*. For this purpose, close to half a million men have been kept permanently under arms in various Mediterranean and African posts outside of Italy, ready for instant action: 120,000 Italian soldiers have been stationed in Libya, 150,000 in Africa, 40,000 in Albania, 80,000 in Rhodes and the Dodecanese. Last but not least, according to *Giustizia e Libertà*, there are about 100,000 Italian soldiers still in Spain. The intention was to hurl the Libyan forces, undoubtedly the best equipped, against Tunis, while the African troops, aided by aircraft and submarines, would stage a rapid descent into the Sudan and Egypt. The French garrison at Djibuti would be in no position to offer any resistance, and the Suez Canal, practically demilitarized, would hardly be a serious obstacle. At the same time, rebellions in the Arab countries, which had been carefully prepared by Axis propaganda, would engage the isolated British garrisons. Naval and air forces from the mainland and from the various fortified islands would be more than sufficient to deal with British and French shipping.

The first blow to this ambitious plan was delivered by German experts who went down to Libya early this year. The Germans saw that Italy would be in no position to attack Tunis and Egypt simultaneously. Marshal Badoglio, too, opposed Mussolini's optimistic plan. In a secret memorandum, the contents of which have since been published in France, Badoglio insisted that no less than 250,000 soldiers would be necessary for an assault on Tunis; and those troops would have to be far better equipped than is the present Libyan army. A new plan was consequently evolved which provided for a rapid pincer attack on Egypt from Libya and Ethiopia, while the air force, stiffened by German machines and personnel, would engage British forces around Suez. As to Tunis, the best Italy hopes to accomplish is to hold back a French attack until the main army is relieved after taking control of Egypt.

But even this limited plan is no longer as foolproof as it appeared when first evolved. The last four months have witnessed profound changes in the balance of forces in this part of the world. From Gibraltar to Istanbul and from Greece to the Indian Ocean the British have been repairing Empire fences at breakneck speed. Nothing is being overlooked. Large dumps of military supplies have been established in all strategic centers; food for civil populations is being stored under the direction of experts from London; aircraft precautions have undergone a complete reorganization. Blackouts have been held in Near Eastern cities which had considered themselves as safe as the desert. The distribution of gas-masks to the civil population has been taken in hand. Above all, local forces are being raised everywhere to cope with sudden attacks. The number of British battalions overseas, excluding those in India and Burma, has been increased to 28; the Middle East Command of the Royal Air Force, already counting nine squadrons, is being rapidly augmented, and impressive changes have been made in the commanding personnel.

I can do no more than indicate the military measures which have been pushed through during the last few months. The Governor of Malta, General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter, revealed in a speech on Empire Day that the garrison has been increased from two regiments of artillery to five, and there will soon be a sixth. There used to be two battalions of infantry; now there are four, and they are always at war strength. "The coast defenses," the Governor continued, "are steadily increasing in power. The strength of the air defenses has been more than doubled since last September. . . ."

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Coming over to the mainland, we find the same feverish activity. Britain now has 20,000 troops in Palestine; in addition, there are close to 10,000 armed Jews who have been receiving training during the past three years. No doubt they will constitute an invaluable adjunct to the British army, especially if there should be a change in England's Palestine policy. The British also count on the 30,000 to 50,000 fully trained young Jews who are outside the official defense forces, and they are now trying to win over the Arabs. Even little Trans-Jordan is doing its bit for the imperial defense. New rifles have been sent, along with machine guns and even artillery. London has approved the forming of a War Department for Trans-Jordan, and the Arab Legion, created and commanded by Englishmen, has launched a widespread mobilization campaign.

Journalists—or even travelers for that matter—are not very welcome along the shores of the Red Sea or in Aden; but the few reports that come out of those godforsaken areas bear evidence of tremendous military activity. The importance of the Red Sea to Italy need hardly be emphasized. Until a few months ago the Italians thought they had Yemen in their pocket; but of late Saif al-Islam, the Yemeni Crown Prince, has spent much time in London and Paris, where he apparently carried on important negotiations. The garrison at Aden was strengthened at the end of April, and new barracks are being built with the greatest speed. Even subterranean shelters for the civil population are being constructed. New equipment has been sent to Ibn Saud, the Wahabi war lord of Arabia, who is rapidly increasing his standing army. Of the greatest importance is the new network of roads which are now being pushed forward to crisscross the Near East, since mobility is a supreme factor for the highly mechanized units of the British army.

The Axis has banked heavily on the weakness of Egypt and Cyprus, which remain the most vulnerable links in Britain's chain of defenses. Cyprus is still without a harbor. The British press has begun to agitate for an appropriation of $2,500,000 to build one; but a harbor cannot be built in a day, and until work is completed at Famagusta no air base is feasible. In Egypt gigantic efforts are being made to build a war machine in record time. The infantry has grown from 12,000 to 29,000 during the past four months; a motorized division of 6,500 men has been formed; the air force has been strengthened by about 200 new planes; and huge quantities of armaments have been purchased in England. Lawrence's guerrilla experience during the World War has prompted the government to start forming Bedouin battalions to harass the invading army from Libya, and Britain has completed arrangements with the Egyptians for quartering Indian troops. But these forces are certainly inadequate to protect the long borders against a double attack. Britain is now paying for her policy of refusing to allow the Egyptians a trained army during the past fifty years. The native officers are admittedly bad and the army is inexperienced. It will take five years to execute the plan drawn up about two months ago to build 23 ships costing $40,000,000 and to raise the army to 120,000 men.

But the entrance of Turkey, and the potential entrance of Greece, on the side of the democracies has introduced changes which the Axis did not foresee. It is possible that Turkey with her trained army of 1,500,000 will be given the task of defending the Syro-Palestinian coast and the Suez Canal. Important staff conversations have been held in London and Ankara, and it seems that arrangements have been completed for dispatching 100,000 soldiers to Egypt as soon as hostilities begin. The excellently equipped British and Indian forces would thus be released for meeting the Italian forces from Ethiopia. And access to the innumerable Grecian and Turkish ports will mean that the British fleet will no longer have to scuttle out of the Eastern Mediterranean. The Italian naval expert Fioravanza wrote in 1937 in "World Naval Bases": ". . . any grouping of powers which gave Britain and France the use of the Grecian bases would mean the complete strangulation of Italy." It is more than doubtful whether Albania is a sufficient compensation for the loss of Greece.

I do not for a moment take seriously the charge of the German press that Britain is trying to provoke a war to prop up the shaky foundations of the Empire. But had this been Britain's aim, she could not have selected better opponents than the Fascist powers. For one of the chief factors in the present situation is fear on the part of the Mediterranean peoples of Italian and German plans and hatred of Axis policies. All England's technical military preparations would have been totally impossible had not the Fascist powers done their best to make it easy for Britain to identify her own imperial interests with those of the natives.

Albania was only the final straw that broke the camel's back. News of the invasion spread throughout the Near East with the speed of lightning, and everywhere produced startling effects. Anti-fascist demonstrations were staged from Syria to Tunis; the Arabic press everywhere was furious. "If this be the fate of a country long on terms of close friendship with Italy, what are we to expect?" asked the Arabic papers. Stories of Italian barbarism in Libya and Abyssinia were again to the fore. The arrogant behavior of Italians and Germans and their efforts everywhere to stir up internal trouble did little enough to win them popular sympathy, but the crowning touch came with the report, apparently well founded, that the Axis partners had proposed to Turkey a three-way partition of the Near East.

As a result, Axis propaganda, now thicker and more abundant than ever, has ceased to have any effect, or

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has effects diametrically the opposite of those intended. Near Eastern papers publish humorous comments on the "news" coming out of Berlin and Bari; an Association for the Defense of Moslem Albania has been started. An interesting pamphlet, signed by "A Moslem," urges "Moslems and Arabs" to wake up to the situation and not to heed the dictator who "is ready to walk over your bodies and those of your wives and children in order to reach his goal." The *Ulema* (learned sheikhs) and nationalist leaders of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco recently met in conference and in a secret session adopted a resolution to the effect that "the inhabitants of Northern Africa are united with France and hang their hopes on her." Incidents take place daily which show the depth of anti-fascist feeling among the masses. A brawl, for example, was started recently in an Istanbul cafe when a crowd of German tourists objected to the presence of two Jews. The proprietor, a foreigner, was willing to put them out but a crowd of Turks intervened, claiming that "Turkey had not imposed anti-Semitic laws, and the Jews had a perfect right to remain." Ankara students forced a German bookstore to remove from its window a map of Greater Germany and a picture of Hitler.

More indicative than anything else, perhaps, of the changed atmosphere is the fact that even the British have ceased treating Nazi and Italian propagandists with kid gloves. Even as late as six months ago the British Official Wireless Press would not have had the courage to issue a report like the one flashed out on June 13 connecting the murder of G. Monck-Mason, the British consul at Mosul, with Berlin. The *Völkischer Beobachter* correspondent at Cairo, who was at the same time head of the Nazi propaganda organization, was forced to leave on short notice. In Jerusalem, the Nazi news bulletin (DNB) was suppressed on June 9; a few days later, its editors, Doctors Reichert and Vollhard, had to leave the country in spite of Berlin's protest. In Iraq, too, the British are now cooperating with the native government to make a clean sweep of fascist propagandists.

Rome and Berlin still have with them the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al-Husseini, and his confederates. They also have a few minor Syrian leaders and some Arab papers which they subsidize heavily. But that is about all they can show after three or four years of hard work and after investing millions of dollars in propaganda. They never had much mass support; now they have lost even the intellectuals and nationalists on whom they relied to make trouble for the democracies. The enthusiasm with which all Mediterranean peoples are working to bolster up the democratic peace front has surprised even seasoned British observers. That there is more than one fly in the British ointment is freely admitted. Everyone is aware that Britain will fight not for democracy nor for the rights of free nations but to preserve its own empire. But everyone is also aware that British imperialism has become a lesser evil.

Huey Long's Heritage

BY ALLAN A. MICHIE

THE state, county, and city employees of Louisiana, who since the days of Huey Long have been paying 5 per cent of their salaries, a total of $1,000,000 a year, for the upkeep of a political machine, have a favorite expression when the squeeze is put upon them for additional "contributions." "The ducks are flying," they say to each other, and buy a couple of tickets to the machine-controlled baseball park or take a few more subscriptions to the unreadable machine-owned newspaper. But now, with the former president of Louisiana State University under indictment for embezzling university funds and half a dozen inquiries simmering over misuse of PWA and WPA funds, income tax evasions, and election frauds, the squeeze is on the machine itself, and the employees are getting an understandable kick out of watching the ducks fly in another direction.

Since the assassination of Huey Long, Louisiana's politics have flourished without much attention from the rest of the nation. As far as most people were concerned, the death of the dictator ended the dictatorship. Observers predicted that his powerful vote-getting organization would fall apart in a few months, that his followers were so jealous of each other that they would set to fighting among themselves. Unfortunately, that didn't happen. Almost as soon as the Kingfish was laid away in the shadow of his towering Capitol, the factional fight did split his lieutenants into two camps. But before the machine had time to totter, it was firmly in the hands of the three Long henchmen who had no reason to be jealous of each other: squat and swarthy Robert S. Maestri, mayor of New Orleans; Seymour Weiss, part owner of a chain of Louisiana hotels, and easy-going, 250-pound Richard W. Leche, who resigned as governor a few weeks ago. Under their tutelage the machine that Huey had built up attained its full power and for four years has ruled Louisiana with an iron hand.

There had always been two factions in the Long organization, and it was only the Kingfish's genius that

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brought them together and held them in line. On the one side were the zealous "Share Our Wealthers," men like the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith and James A. Noe, Huey's legislative assistant in Baton Rouge. As vote-getters who could captivate the rag-tag of rural Louisiana with visions of a land where every man was king, they were topped only by Huey himself. But to the faction headed by Maestri, Weiss, and Leche, "Share Our Wealth" had, naturally enough, never sounded too inviting. Maestri, who has been dubbed "Red Light Bob" because his father started a family fortune by selling furniture to New Orleans sisters of sin, ran his personal wealth to an estimated million dollars by speculating in Louisiana oil lands while he was Conservation Commissioner. Weiss, who kept the Long campaign funds in the till of the Roosevelt Hotel, was also absorbed in various business ventures. Leche, who had been secretary to Huey's rubber-stamp governor, the late O. K. Allen, came into office a man of moderate means, but when he retired recently he had accumulated a sum thought to be in the millions, also from oil land investments—all outside Louisiana, he insists. These gentlemen were interested in getting wealth, not sharing it.

Consequently, as soon as the patronage and election machinery was under control, the "Share Our Wealth" advocates were dropped. Smith graduated to sharing the wealth on a national scale, first with Father Coughlin, then as a Townsend Planner. Disgruntled, James A. Noe continued to sit in the state Senate as a one-man opposition. If the new machine bosses had any qualms of conscience about dropping the "Share Our Wealth" contingent, they told themselves that Huey had never taken his panacea too seriously, that he regarded it as a device to get the votes of Louisiana's poverty-stricken electorate and as a foundation for a nation-wide appeal which he hoped would sweep him into the White House. Nevertheless the Maestri-Weiss-Leche combination still needed the rural vote, and to retain it they fell back on a campaign appeal which only the death of the Kingfish could have given them—the sacred memory of Huey Long.

In the 1936 elections, they got their first chance to try it out when Leche, the front man for the machine, was put up for governor. The Leche platform offered three pledges: to make a full investigation of the death of Long; to bar recourse to a sales tax, which Huey had sworn would never come to Louisiana; and to perpetuate all the laws Huey had passed "in the interests of the people." Leche was elected by an overwhelming majority.

But almost before the new governor had been sworn in, the mass of Long followers had reason to howl that they had been tricked. First a bill to probe Huey's death was mysteriously buried in committee, and Leche went on the air to explain that since Mrs. Huey P. Long, who had been appointed to fill her husband's term in the United States Senate, had not demanded a federal investigation, he wasn't going to allow a state inquiry. Then a sales tax was enacted—the machine called it a "luxury tax" although it put a two per cent assessment on virtually everything but overalls and hand tools. Finally a number of Huey's laws reducing the power of the corporate interests of the state were repealed. Worst of all from the standpoint of those who were devout disciples of the Kingfish, the machine promptly proceeded to make its peace with the federal Administration, which Huey, for his own political reasons, had fought so bitterly. Federal money poured into the state, federal income tax indictments against machine leaders were nolle prossed, and the machine, in turn, delivered Louisiana's twenty votes to Roosevelt at the 1936 Democratic convention in Philadelphia. Quite appropriately, the deal came to be known as "The Second Louisiana Purchase."

This bought peace gave the machine a chance to consolidate a power which it had never known in the days when Huey ruled the state. Maestri became mayor of New Orleans under one of Huey's ingenious laws enabling the governor to certify the election of a mayor without the formality of balloting in cases where an election was obviously "unnecessary" and a useless expense. By another law he had his term extended to 1942, and he rules without effective opposition. When the C. I. O. started to organize the longshoremen, truckers, and taxi-drivers in 1938, the state and city police brutally broke up strikes and aided the strike-breakers. Maestri, because of his family background, has never been accepted by New Orleans society, but his tactics against the C. I. O. have endeared him to the business interests of the city. Gradually, all Louisiana has come to accept him as the undisputed boss.

As governor, Leche let it be known almost from the start that his new job was not all he thought it would be. An affable, glad-handing chap, he much preferred roaming the canebrakes with his dog and gun to running the government in Baton Rouge the way the machine in New Orleans wanted it run. Several times he sounded out Washington on the prospect of a safe federal judgeship for himself. A social conscience never rested heavily on him, but apparently the high-handed tactics which have given New Orleans the reputation of a city whose civil liberties rating is one of the lowest in the nation did not suit him either. Once he came to Washington to ask for additional PWA grants, and an official told him that the Administration would like to see him display a more liberal attitude on labor problems. Leche agreed. Back in his home town of Hammond he decided to show Washington his changed attitude. The workers of a small strawberry-box plant in the town were suddenly informed that they were on strike. Confused and bewildered, they stood around the plant gates for hours. Then,

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with great ado, trucks rolled up and unloaded state troopers and a fancy soup-kitchen. Then came the Governor himself. As forewarned photographers snapped away, the troopers picked up convenient strike placards and began walking a picket line, and the Governor proceeded to dole out free soup. A few days later, word was sent to Washington that the plant wished the National Labor Relations Board to hold an election so its workers could choose between a C. I. O. and an A. F. of L. union. Much to the Governor's surprise, when the vote was taken it was found that the workers didn't want any union!

It did not take Maestri long to realize that, even if Leche were constitutionally able and personally willing to succeed himself in 1940, the mass of voters, who were still devoted to the Kingfish, would never accept him after his record of broken pledges. Maestri began to look around for another candidate whom he could sell to the voters in January, 1940. He did not have to look far. Ready and willing for the office was Huey's younger brother, Earl, who had served inconspicuously under Leche as lieutenant-governor. Earl, who had pestered Brother Huey to the quarreling point for an important place in the state administration, had been placed on the ticket with 1940 in mind. With Earl Long wearing Huey's mantle in 1940, the machine would have an unbeatable appeal. Early in 1939, Maestri took the public pulse and announced that his organization would back Earl for governor. The reaction was favorable. The understanding was that Leche, chafing more and more in his role of front man, would remain in office until the end of his term. But either he realized in time that the machine scandals were about to burst, or else his arthritis really did become troublesome. At any rate, on June 26 Leche resigned and Earl Long was moved up into his job, six months ahead of schedule.

The series of scandals precipitated by the arrest of Dr. James Monroe Smith, president of Louisiana State University, are clearly linked to the machine. Indictments have already been returned charging machine politicians with responsibility for irregularities in the use of WPA funds and materials. Such practices have existed for some time, however, and the federal government, had it wished, could have investigated them at least a year ago. Investigators would not have had to look far for New Orleans workers to testify that whenever the machine needed electricians or plumbers, for example, to work on private homes or public buildings, police would pick up the necessary workmen on fake charges. Often enough the men were paid for their impressed labor with WPA checks.

Another federal indictment, this one charging use of the mails to defraud, links Seymour Weiss with Dr. Smith and other machine figures in a swindling scheme whereby the furnishings of a hotel belonging to the Weiss interests were twice sold to the University. That leading politicians would sooner or later be dragged into the Smith scandal was confidently expected by most Louisianians, for the machine is known to have far-flung business interests. It is generally believed to own or control the New Orleans baseball park, the race track, a dairy, a candy concern, a prominent taxi company, the city's parking lots, and a newspaper, the Hammond *Progress*, supported by advertisements of state boards and subscriptions from state employees.

The scandals broke at a particularly unfortunate time, for they obscured the more significant event of Earl Long's succession to the throne. Unfortunately for the machine's plans, Earl now has to spend six months in office before the campaign, and in that time he must prove that he will carry on for Huey. As a sop to the public disgust over the way the machine has run things since Huey's death, Earl has begun a "reform" program, partly to take the wind out of his 1940 opponents' sails, partly in the hope that he will win Huey's followers to his side. But his "reforms" so far have been practically meaningless. He has admitted that the consumers' sales tax is obnoxious, but instead of repealing it and incurring the displeasure of the business interests, he hopes to remove popular objection to it by withdrawing the metal tokens and substituting another means of collection. He has announced that public officials must no longer use their offices for private profit—but that condition is as deep-rooted in Louisiana politics as the red light district in New Orleans, and no mere governor's decree will stop it. He has assured the voters that he will keep an eye on the Conservation Department, which has charge of the state's $100,000,000-a-year oil industry, but it is certain that Earl won't reform so much that he will injure the machine that will elect him six months hence.

Even if his "reforms" please Huey's old followers, Earl will still have to do a great deal of explaining when he takes the stump next year. As far as the faithful know, Huey went to his grave a bitter enemy of his brother. Their quarrel dated from the day Huey refused to give Earl the lieutenant-governorship on the Long ticket, because he had already promised it to a more deserving ally. Earl went out and ran as an independent. He lost, but Huey never forgave him. Earl joined Huey's elder brother, Julius, in bitter attacks on the Kingfish, climaxed when he testified against Huey before a Congressional investigating committee.

Knowing only these facts, Huey's followers have reason to conclude that if the Kingfish were still alive, he would be the last one to back his brother for the governorship. But Boss Maestri has already thought of the way out. Whenever Huey appeared in the Senate in Washington, a raw-boned, lanky Louisianian by the name of Colonel Robert Brothers usually kept a watchful eye

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from the visitors' gallery. Since the death of his boss, Brothers has been obsessed with the idea that persons high in the Roosevelt Administration ordered the death of the Kingfish and has spent most of his time in Washington gathering "proof." Now he has become of great importance to the Maestri-Earl Long cause. By his own story, Brothers succeeded in getting Huey to effect a complete reconciliation with Earl only a few weeks before the assassination. When the campaign begins, Brothers, still highly respected among the "Share Our Wealthers" of Northern Louisiana, is slated to assure the voters that Huey died on the best of terms with Earl. The story will no doubt improve with retelling, until Earl becomes the Kingfish's death-bed choice for governor. What Brothers stands to win by helping the machine is not yet apparent. A good job is one possible reward. An even more potent lure to the Colonel would be a renewal of the machine's opposition to the federal Administration.

Looking toward 1940, the Roosevelt forces now find themselves facing a painful dilemma in dealing with Huey's heirs. On the one hand, while they would like to crack down on a machine that is more scandal-ridden and reactionary than any in the nation, they realize that Maestri, Weiss, Long, and Leche (who is still a Democratic National Committeeman) can deliver Louisiana's twenty votes to Roosevelt or to the Roosevelt man. On the other hand, with Tom Dewey emerging as the Republican possibility solely because of his racket-busting reputation, the Administration can hardly afford to pass up the chance to show that it, too, can bust a few rackets.

Those who favor a federal attack on the New Orleans machine argue that the Administration successfully did away with Boss Pendergast in Kansas City and probably lost no state delegates in the process. But they are reminded that Pendergast was let alone until the opposition led by Lloyd Stark was strong enough to take control. There is no such opposition in Louisiana. Smart money in Washington says that the many federal investigators now swarming over the state will keep up their scattered fire until public opinion calms down, that Dr. Smith will not be brought to trial for many months, probably not until after the 1940 Democratic convention.

This Is America

V. THE MAVERICK FAR WEST

BY HOWARD G. COSTIGAN

IN CLOSE Presidential elections it is the eleven states of the Far West that more often than not have decided the verdict. In 1940, with the stakes high and the battle likely to be bitter, those 65 Western electoral votes loom larger than ever.

In this tremendous area, the size of 25 Eastern states, there are fewer people than in New York State alone—a free electorate, never corralled, never branded by any political party. Judged by regular party standards these people are political mavericks, almost unpredictable. In Montana, for example, Jerry O'Connell, winner of liberal accolades and challenger of Mayor Hague, was displaced in Congress last year by Jacob Thorkelson, a Republican who was backed by Anaconda's bankroll and who is now adviser to General Moseley. The State of Washington boasts at the same time one of the most progressive delegations in Congress and Governor Martin, who has been called "the nation's most reactionary governor, bar not even Republicans." Oregon's Klan-supported Governor Pierce in 1931 gave way to Julius L. Meier, a Jewish merchant of Portland. Governor Merriam of California, who defeated Upton Sinclair in 1934, was defeated four years later by Culbert Olson, Sinclair's lieutenant. Examples of this mercurial quality are numberless.

In character and spirit the West still is a frontier community. Covered wagons no longer rumble over Western plains to the Pacific slope but thousands of men, women, and children within the past few years have migrated westward seeking a new chance, hoping for the security the Dust Bowl denied them. They have joined thousands of others, young and old, who preceded them and who are still trying to make "our promised land" deliver. Foreclosures and sheriff's sales forced the pioneers west in the first place and gave them a strong hatred for Eastern bankers and their political machines. The absentee ownership of their "promised land" by the railroad magnates, metal kings, and timber barons, intensified the feeling. A cartoon depicting a cow stretched across the nation, feeding on the Western states but being milked by a banker on Wall Street, has often been used to illustrate Western sentiment. It is not surprising, then, that the typical Westerner goes to the polls not to express any party loyalty but to express his traditional protest against the status quo.

From this hatred for Eastern financial control sprang the widespread Populist movement, which in several instances captured state governments and which still flavors much Western thinking. It is in the desire to free credits from the control of private bankers and in a faith in the curative powers of easy money that the

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"scrip-tease" of the Ham-and-Eggers of California and the velocity dollars of the Townsend Plan originate. They are today's version of such earlier phenomena as A. C. Townley's Non-Partisan League, Sockless Jerry Simpson's movement with its slogan: "Don't raise so much wheat and raise more hell!"; Coin Harvey's Liberty Party, the ready response to Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose party, the strength of the Wobblies, who boasted in their heyday that no man could ride the rods in the West who did not carry the red card of the I. W. W., and, more recently, Upton Sinclair's "Epic" scheme.

Today the Far West still favors the New Deal because Roosevelt's policies are in line with Western thinking. Western corporate interests are laying careful plans for the New Deal's assassination, but the man in the street, the small businessman, the truck driver, the housewife, the clerk, the lesser paid professional man, the unemployed, and the majority of the farmers are against any return to Hooverism.

BUSINESS, FARMS, AND PENSIONS

Despite heavy unemployment and the desperate relief situation, business in the Far West manages to be relatively good. Retail sales statistics show that the section has recovered from the recession of last year. Building in the three Pacific Coast states, as revealed in this spring's building permits, is 38 per cent ahead of a year ago. National building, largely as a result of the Federal Housing Authority, has hit a ten-year high, according to F. W. Dodge figures, and is keeping the lumber and shingle mills and the plywood factories humming with activity. Tourist business, an important part of Western income, is expected to break records this summer what with the San Francisco Fair as a lure and the war scare cutting down foreign travel. On the whole there is not the basis in general business conditions that there was a year ago for a reaction against the New Deal. Crocodile tears continue to course down the cheeks of Western Tory editors over "disastrous conditions occasioned by the Wagner Act," the "regimentation of business," and "ruinous business taxes," but the average man sees the banks open, business at least no worse than it has been in the past decade, the federal government working on the all-important problems of unemployment, relief, and social security.

The one aspect of the New Deal which Westerners almost unanimously applaud is the great public works program, particularly the Bonneville and Grand Coulee Dams. Not only have these projects provided much work but they make possible cheap power, bringing electricity to thousands of farm homes and making fertile vast tracts of once arid land. The government projects at Fort Peck, Montana, the Shasta Dam in California, and similar works throughout the West have forcefully impressed voters with the efforts of the New Deal to solve their problems. And although Western critics of the Administration, like critics elsewhere, have been loud in assailing the "spending program," none has ever been known to object to a project in his particular community.

On the farms of the West New Deal sentiment is not so strong, chiefly because of the Administration's difficulties in solving marketing problems. Farmers want at least cost of production, and they tend to support the party that promises it. Secretary Wallace's orange-and-blue-stamp plan, now being tried in Seattle, is being watched with as much interest by farmers seeking a market for surplus crops as by urban retailers. How far the New Deal is from having the Western farm vote sewed up was shown dramatically in Congressman Knute Hill's last-minute victory last year. Hill was saved only because his district in the Eastern Washington wheat and fruit belt includes Coulee Dam. Early press releases carried the story of his defeat—but they were written before the almost unanimous vote from the Coulee Dam construction camps rolled in. Republicans who later planned to challenge Hill's victory visited the camps and found pictures of President Roosevelt in every bunkhouse. The thousands of Dust Bowl refugees trying to eke out paltry livings by following the harvests up and down the Pacific Coast are grateful for the camps set up by the Farm Security Administration, which provide at least typhoid-free water, community kitchens, and laundries. But while these migrant agricultural workers are generally for the New Deal, few are registered voters.

Western farm support of the New Deal may hang in the balance, but when it comes to old-age pensions the Administration is more favorably looked upon than its opponents. In its public opinion survey of April, 1939, *Fortune* found that "the increase of old-age pensions in the public mind is closely identified with the New Deal," and also that "more liberal pensions would not only be popular but politically expedient for the Administration." A Gallup poll taken two months earlier revealed that Westerners are more addicted to higher pensions than any other section—sixty to two hundred dollars being generally approved, against a national average of thirty dollars a month. The exodus of elderly people from the East and Middle West to the milder climates of the Coast during the past few decades has made the pension problem a particularly vital one in this section, and Westerners are keenly alive to the fact that New Deal funds, matched by contributions, have proved a godsend in preventing widespread and extreme destitution.

FASCISM, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Although traditionally isolationist, the Far West finds it impossible to remain emotionally neutral in the war raging across the Pacific. Public opinion overwhelmingly favors China and would support an embargo on war materials to Japan. This is as true of Republicans as it

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is of New Dealers. Moreover, the suspicion that Japan's policies in China are influenced by Berlin and Rome has tended to cause an extension of anti-Japanese feeling to the Axis partners.

Much of Hollywood's best talent—stars as well as directors, technicians, writers, and extras—is organized in the Motion Picture Democratic Committee, which in the last election campaigned militantly not only for the liberal Olson-Patterson-Downey ticket but also for non-cooperation with fascist nations. Less colorful but equally significant were the picket-lines that formed in every Pacific Coast port to protest and stop the shipment of scrap iron to Japan, and the many mass meetings held to denounce the so-called neutrality act. Sworn pacifists and staunch Republicans participated in the successful campaign for 500,000 signatures calling for a change in the act which would permit discrimination against aggressor nations. Many West Coast Republicans who denounce Roosevelt's "interference with private business" whole-heartedly support his foreign policy. An embargo against Japan would materially enhance the New Deal's 1940 political appeal on the West Coast and probably crystallize the growing Western desire to quarantine all aggressors.

While a strong and growing united front against the fascist aggressor nations has taken shape, domestic and disguised fascist and semi-fascist groups are not so easily discerned. In some ways the West provides a fertile field for home-grown fascist ideas. The old Populist hatred of bankers and the myth that all international bankers are Jews is not a far step from active Jew-baiting. Japan and Germany are making full use of this prejudice—Japan with a million-yen appropriation for West Coast propaganda, Germany through Captain Fritz Weidemann, acting ostensibly as consul in San Francisco.

Fascist allies and fascist dupes pop up all over the landscape. In lumber company towns the Ku Klux Klan flourishes. The Silver Shirts launched their Christian Party in Washington—the only state in which William Dudley Pelley was on the 1936 Presidential ballot with his "Christ or Chaos." The Associated Farmers, "bankers in overalls," work hand in glove with the Women of Washington, Inc., in fighting unions, trying to prevent liberals or radicals from appearing before students in state-supported universities, and denouncing as Communists and aliens all who speak against the Hoover brand of Americanism. Of all of these, the Associated Farmers is easily the most vicious and the most effective. This is no organization of malcontents who don't know what they want. It is plainly and simply a front for big capital, which knows exactly what it wants. It wants no united front for labor, wants no "nonsense" taught in its universities, no "alien theories," no communism, socialism, or New Deal. It wants profits at any cost, and it will use any tool at hand to insure or increase them. Anti-labor and anti-strike initiatives were introduced and heatedly supported by these corporation farmers in California, Oregon, and Washington. Their vigilante terrorism in the California valleys has been spread before the public in John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath"—and their power is attested by the ban on Steinbeck's book in many California communities. The terrorism of the Salinas Valley has had its counterpart, although in milder form, in Hood River, Yakima, and Wenatchee.

Alongside this powerful central column the reactionary snipers bob up where one least expects them. A strictly "Aryan" political science fraternity has been founded with chapters at the Universities of Washington, Stanford, and Southern California. In Aberdeen, Washington, the "Better Business Builders" blame business stagnation on "radical" labor, woo conservative labor leaders, and demand the deportation of Bridges and Pritchett. The Women of Washington turn out laborious and rather pathetically illiterate pamphlets demanding that our universities teach only "100 per cent Americanism"; and in Bellingham the Ku Klux Klan has put pressure on the not too unwilling Governor Martin to remove Dr. Charles H. Fisher, able and scholarly president of the Western Washington College of Education.

Progressive forces are vigilantly combating these fascist and reactionary tendencies, whether shrewdly organized and powerful or sporadic and crackpot. The Oregon Commonwealth Federation, the California Non-Partisan League, the new Utah Commonwealth Federation, Montana's militant Farmers Union, the Washington Commonwealth Federation, the Farmer-Labor Party, Non-Partisan League, and independent political groups in Arizona and Idaho, and New Deal Democratic precinct organizations throughout the Far West make up a compact, powerful, and vocal force, with intelligent and courageous leadership.

DIVIDED FORCES

Western labor has had a militant history, and it is militant today, but its effectiveness here, as elsewhere, is woefully weakened by the fratricidal warfare in the labor movement. The Tory press, the Associated Farmers, and other forces of reaction work feverishly to widen the gap. But split as they are, the common interests of the rank and file of the C. I. O. and A. F. of L. tend to throw them together, despite efforts to keep them apart—efforts which have at times been furthered by A. F. of L. headquarters. Both organizations worked shoulder to shoulder in the fight against the anti-labor initiatives, both are beginning to recognize in the Associated Farmers a common enemy; and in the attempt to organize the Standard Oil Company the realization dawned on both the powerful A. F. of L. teamsters and the equally powerful C. I. O. marine workers that the job was one that they would have to do together.

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It is not alone in labor's ranks that friends of the New Deal fear the weakening effect of divided forces. There has been a long succession of anti-New Deal appointments to important New Deal jobs, and sincere liberals fear that federal patronage in reactionary hands may lead to demoralization. Republicans naturally hail the trend as a "conservative drift" and as another potential split in the liberal ranks. Similarly they are gleeful about the defeat of the Townsend bill in Congress. This development may have two important effects in the West: the pension seekers may be induced to repudiate the Democratic Party, or there may arise an independent pension party. Either move would be a boon to the Republicans.

Obviously the situation in the West is complex, but not so complex that tentative estimates can't be made. With all its conflicting currents, the major stream flows toward progressivism. Although the West may be confused, it is liberal—liberal but unlabeled. Faced with the choice between a Democrat of the Garner stripe and a "liberal" Republican like Dewey, the West would very likely go Republican. In fact, out here most observers would give the Democrats only one cinch bet—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Republicans will hammer the third-term tom-tom, but their thumping will fall for the most part on deaf ears. Westerners are less easily influenced by such traditions than their Eastern brothers. If they believe in a man and in his principles they are likely to string along with him all the way, as Idaho has with Borah.

There is every chance that a Western conference of progressives may be called by Administration liberals and Western New Deal leaders for pre-primary action. If such a conference is called soon, New Deal slates will have a better chance, through caucuses and primaries controlled by the progressives who have made the Democratic Party a majority party in the West. If some such action is not taken the outcome is unpredictable. Should a conservative get the Democratic endorsement, the West will probably split three ways. The conservatives, along with some liberals, will go Republican, particularly if Dewey is the G. O. P. choice. The cynics and syndicalists will stay home. The New Deal insurgents will undoubtedly form a "third party," which might prove a second or possibly a first party so far as this section of the country is concerned, with the Democratic Party reassuming its traditional role in the West as an also-ran. In the event of war, all bets are off. Roosevelt would be drafted, and he would be impossible to defeat.

We are forced to postpone Keith Hutchison's biweekly column, "Everybody's Business," scheduled to appear in this issue. Mr. Hutchison is en route from Europe and will resume his column next week.—EDITORS THE NATION.

In the Wind

A MAJOR American press association and a leading British newspaper got word recently that the British Air Raid Precaution Office has placed an order in Norway for pinewood planks to be made into 50,000 coffins—for use in London alone. The order was a modest one, it was explained, because once the war becomes large-scale, burial will be *en masse* under layers of lime. Both the press association and the newspaper suppressed the story, agreeing that it would "unnerve" the public.

AN AMERICAN journalist who covered the Spanish civil war was in the office of the Junta Nacionalista, a small bloc of the Franco movement, when a contribution of one hundred thousand pounds to the fascist cause arrived from England. The check, says the journalist, was signed by the Duke of Westminster.

MORRIS R. COHEN, the noted philosopher, told intimates recently that he doesn't read the *Daily Worker* because "I don't like being bored from within." . . . The New York *World-Telegram* described Roswell C. Magill, taxation expert, as "expert of temptation" at Columbia. . . . In London they are telling the story of the ghost who met a Nazi soldier and boasted: "I can disappear at will." "Pooh, that's nothing," the soldier retorted, "I can return from Spain without ever having been there."

AN OUTSTANDING American business firm had been buying products from a leading German house because, until recently, it couldn't get any adequate substitutes. When it finally found them, it sent a letter to the German firm cancelling further purchases and explaining that its clients, mostly non-Jewish, didn't want to use Nazi goods. The letter went on to express hope for a *political* change in Germany which would permit resumption of purchases. The German firm replied, expressing regret at the action and stating that "we look forward soon to a change" which will permit a resumption of business relations.

A EUROPEAN newspaperwoman, now visiting here, interviewed Mussolini not long ago. She told him, she relates, that several years earlier she'd had a lengthy meeting with Stalin and later sat in his box at the opera. "How did Stalin act during the performance?" Mussolini asked eagerly. Baffled, the newspaperwoman said that Stalin had just listened to it. Mussolini brushed the answer aside. "But I mean," he asked, insistently, "wasn't he afraid that he would be shot?"

SOME WEEKS ago this column reported that an investigator of the Chamber of Commerce had visited the Michigan University placement bureau. When told that job prospects for graduates were good, he announced that he couldn't use the data because he only wanted anti-Roosevelt material. The investigator represented the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, not the Chamber of Commerce.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.* —EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE announcement from Berlin that more and ever more women are to be drafted for actual household duties in order to release others for service in the fields, or in the three shifts of the never-stopping factories of heavy industry, shows anew that in this field Hitler's theories have completely collapsed when brought face to face with realities. It was again to be children, church, and kitchen—and the maternity ward—for all German women. Even their education was to have been drastically limited, since girls only up to fifteen per cent of the number of male students were to have been admitted to the universities. Today in some institutions the number far exceeds this per cent, while women by the hundred thousand, even when married, have been recalled to their former occupations or ordered into the fields. But the ideal of women subordinated entirely to men and used primarily to breed remains at once the goal and the ideal of the Nazis, who boast that they are creating the finest of civilizations upon the rock of this utterly medieval and untenable attitude toward women —rendered untenable by their own economic theories.

I could not help thinking of this when Grace Abbott died because she stood in every way for the American ideal of what a woman might become and should become if fate and her own personality and ambition made it possible for her—the exact opposite of the Nazi program. It is true that nature gives to only a few women such a personality, such quiet charm, such complete sincerity and honesty, such courage and such rare judgment. The point is not that we have such women—we shall and should have more as time goes on—but that we want them, that the road to preferment is open to them, and that we do not propose to deprive this country of the best talent among women because of their sex.

I like to think of Grace Abbott at her desk where she was for thirteen years head of the Children's Bureau in succession to that other saint, Julia Lathrop. She seemed to me, on my all too rare visits to her office, a remarkably clear and cool-headed administrator, just the right person in the right place. She was a great reformer, but not so much of the propagandizing type. She could speak warmly, at times almost eloquently. But like Jane Addams her forte was in quiet, steady spade-work, in laying foundations and then building upon them. She did not speak a lot or make the headlines often—the headlines would have seized upon her if those who write them had been aware of what Grace Abbott was accomplishing and how she was growing herself. She left office in 1934 to become professor of public welfare administration in the School of Social Service of the University of Chicago. She was only sixty years old when she died; plainly she had given too much of herself and her strength in those long years of heavy responsibility. Senator Davis of Pennsylvania told the Senate that he had never known a more capable administrator and that she was "a benefactor of the entire nation." Senator Wagner called her "a remarkable and great woman" and Senator Robert La Follette, Jr., declared she was one of the country's ablest women and one of the finest women he had ever known. And still these words do not tell the whole story!

Yet it is not as a government official that I usually think of Grace Abbott, though I am aware that her reputation as such had led to her being considered by the League of Nations for the vitally important new position at the head of its combined departments dealing with health, opium, and social service. I cannot forget that she was a great authority in her field of social service, notably in that of the immigrants. In 1920-21 she was executive secretary of the Illinois Immigrants Commission. Her books on "The Immigrant and the Community" and "The Immigrant in Massachusetts" are outstanding, but even more so is her two-volume study called "The Child and the State," which she was able to publish only last December. The list of the causes to which she gave herself without rest is too long to publish here, but the debt of the anti-child labor movement to her is beyond acknowledgment, and her contributions to the struggle against infant and maternal mortality and juvenile delinquency among the most notable. Indeed her pen was extraordinarily prolific even when she was at the head of the Children's Bureau. There her work was very considerably pioneering—even after Julia Lathrop. She put it on a secure and a scientific basis by all those years of the most careful and thoughtful building.

In all of this she was a follower and a pupil of Jane Addams whom she adored, as did all who worked with Miss Addams. What a great group of human beings has come out of Hull House! The spirit of that place created by Jane Addams has influenced for their good a wonderful group of men and women, which only goes to show again that, if you have anything worth while in you, devoting your life to the welfare of the depressed and downtrodden is about the best investment that you can possibly make.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Personal History II

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD. By Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. $2.75.

THE AUTHOR of "Personal History" returns in his newest work to the genre of his great success—reporting in a literary style that goes beyond newspaper writing, presenting the temperament, the feelings, and thoughts of the observer as he looks at worlds great and small. Within the limits of this genre Vincent Sheean is a master. In a few words he is able to convey atmosphere, whether he writes of a little boy learning to ride a bicycle among the ruins of a Spanish village or the great demonstration in Prague which overthrew the first capitulating government of Pan Hodza. Reading these descriptions one easily identifies oneself with the observer, one experiences what he experienced, and I doubt that anyone would interrupt voluntarily the journey through the fateful year from spring, 1938, to spring, 1939, on which the author takes us.

We start with a ride on the Thirteen Bus through London. From the top of it "you can do your sight-seeing without getting off," especially if Mr. Sheean functions as the guide. This opening chapter, perfect in itself, skilfully provides a frame of reference which is very useful later on in two landscapes quite different from London: war-torn Spain and humiliated Czechoslovakia, both sold out by the great democracies—the United States included because of its inexcusable arms embargo. You will remember the English lady who has no idea where or what the Ebro is, when you cross this river with Sheean, Hemingway, and Matthews on their way to the front line of the Lincoln Brigade, and you will think of her when you stand on the idyllic banks of the Moldava looking for a place to escape the bombs which you have every reason to expect. The last year of the German-Italian war against Spain and Hitler's offensive against Czechoslovakia become painfully vivid in these pages.

I want to praise especially the chapter on Jim Lardner, Ring Lardner's son, who was the last to enlist in the International Brigade and fell as the last victim, a few hours before the Spanish Republic withdrew its best volunteers in the vain hope of appeasing the City of London. The character of this American boy is a symbol of the honesty and courage of the bewildered youth of our days. Sheean draws him with an unmelodramatic simplicity which is immensely effective. And with similar method and result the whole atmosphere of Prague in the days between Godesberg and Munich is given by the unaccentuated description of the arrangements which a few newspapermen made for doing their jobs as well as possible in the war to come.

Excellent as Sheean's descriptions and observations are, one wishes his interpretations were at least more complete. This reviewer agrees entirely with the lesson Vincent Sheean brought home, that "upon the will and the instinct of the proletariat reposes such hope as we are justified in retaining for the future progress of humanity through and beyond the conflict which now divides the world." But this will and instinct have to be formed, and in Spain as in Czechoslovakia the leaders of the proletariat followed in the last analysis a course which was dictated by exactly the "diplomats and prime ministers, dignitaries and dictators of all kinds" whom the author advises us to mistrust. Yet in this otherwise excellent and exciting book we find not one interpretation or criticism of this fact. There is a very illuminating report of a congress of the Spanish Communist Party in Madrid and the three-hour speech of La Passionaria in which she "was asking these people to stop being communists altogether, at least until the war is won." The author "thought she was right, of course." But was not this attitude merely a continuation of that of the Socialists and liberals after the fall of the monarchy which he himself criticizes? They treated the aristocrats and the church with kid gloves in order not to arouse them—with just the opposite effect. Can anyone still believe today, after the Italian, German, Austrian, and Czechoslovakian examples, that it is possible to establish by weakness and timidity and compromise a regime strong enough to give to the common people what is theirs? The capitalists nowhere waited; instead they organized revolts and were helped in each case by their International. When the Spanish people fought back, or the Austrian, they were crushed by an enemy who first got his rules accepted even by the Communists. The most absurd and disgusting example of this is the fact that it was a Popular Front government in France which was first to close the Spanish frontier. No work such as the one under discussion should avoid analyzing this aspect of the great defeats. The author often comes close to this problem but always stops short. Why?

Aside from a few minor shortcomings—the dismissal of Zionism in a few paragraphs seems flippant, the characterization of Benes is too harsh and surely wrong in so far as it does not take into account the reactionary influence of the greatest Czech party, the Agrarians—"Not Peace But a Sword" is an advance both in the observation and the general understanding of the contemporary scene. It should be read for its sheer information and for the problems and contradictions it presents, even though no convincing attempt is made to solve them.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Hitler Street

MR. EMMANUEL. By Louis Golding. The Viking Press. $2.50.

MR. GOLDING'S new book, the Literary Guild selection for August, opens in that same Magnolia Street, Doomington, which formed the setting for his most successful novel seven years ago. Mr. Emmanuel, a widower some sixty-odd years of age, respected citizen, and recently retired secretary to the Jewish Board of Guardians, engages himself in behalf of a despondent German refugee boy whose

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Jewish father was killed by Nazis and whose Aryan mother has not been heard from in many months. Armed with nothing more formidable than a British passport and a trusting heart, the old man goes to Berlin to discover whether Bruno's mother is alive or dead. A few days later the Swiss Nazi leader, Gustloff, is shot by David Frankfurter, and the Brownshirts, delighted at the chance to use a scapegoat who is both English and Jewish, pounce on the unfortunate Mr. Emmanuel, charge him with complicity in an international Communist plot, and treat him to a few months of the celebrated Gestapo hospitality. There was a time, and that not so many years ago, when chapters like those describing Mr. Emmanuel's prison experience appeared only in pulp horror magazines; now they impress one as remarkably restrained pictures of barbarities for which the morning newspaper has made the name of Nazi synonymous. That Mr. Emmanuel survives these torments is due largely to his faith and his stubborn optimism, and that he is finally released is due not to his obvious innocence of the ridiculous charge, not to the efforts of his English friends, not to the diplomatic blustering of the British Foreign Office, but to the unexpected intervention of a high Nazi official's Jewish mistress, daughter of one of Mr. Emmanuel's Magnolia Street friends. She is not quite so much of a goddess out of the machine as this sounds, because all through the story Mr. Emmanuel has planned, if all other means of locating Bruno's mother should fail, to appeal to this abhorred renegade.

It is a tender book, not a bitter though inevitably a sad one, giving a poignant picture of what Nazi rule has done to the German people: not only to Jews but, perhaps even worse, to all men of good will who abhor brutality but can do nothing to stop it. As Bruno says to Mr. Emmanuel when he returns to England: "I can forgive them, in a way, for killing my father. I can even forgive them for killing my mother. My father and mother were their enemies. They were working against them. But you? An old man like you? An old man who had done nothing? I cannot forgive them for that! I will never forgive them for that!"

And even though Mr. Emmanuel himself puts away all thoughts of hatred or revenge, the reader is likely to finish the book in a somewhat less generous mood, wondering whether forgiveness itself is not a fault in dealing with men who recognize only the gun, the lead pipe, the rubber truncheon, the gospel of hate. "Mr. Emmanuel" is, of course, only a work of fiction, but unfortunately the resemblance of many of the characters to actual persons, both living and dead, is far from coincidental. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Lussu: The Good Soldier

SARDINIAN BRIGADE. By Emilio Lussu. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE PERSONAL memoirs, short stories, and novels published in Italy on the World War belong almost entirely to the "heroic" genre, and are for the most part insincere, bombastic, and mortally dull. For a breath of fresh air one must turn to the letters from the front published by the relatives and friends of the officers who died in battle, letters which reveal a fresh, robust idealism and a virile readiness to self-sacrifice. Even more beautiful, often, are the letters written to their families by virtually illiterate soldiers who had been taken prisoners by the Austrians. They were admired as human documents of exquisite civility by Leo Spitzer, today teaching at Princeton, who, during the war, studied them in Austria with the discerning eye of the scholar and the understanding of a warm-hearted man.

Lussu's book is the testimony, unvarnished by nationalist rhetoric, which Italy deserved and which we had sought in vain for many years. Lussu fought the war as an officer of one of the most gallant Italian brigades, made up almost entirely of soldiers recruited from Sardinia. Hence the title of his book "Sardinian Brigade." He was decorated many times for acts of valor and enjoyed the most exceptional good luck, since in three and a half years of active fighting he was wounded seriously only once while soldiers and officers around him died like flies.

The men he describes fight, for they cannot do otherwise. But they have a profound sense of their own misery. Although they manage to laugh and joke from time to time they would much prefer remaining behind the lines to going to the trenches or marching with knapsacks on their backs. They would like to go back home to their mothers, wives, and sweethearts, to enjoy peace, love, work, and life. One of them tries to desert three times.

Over the soldiers and the officers drafted for the war—some stupid, others intelligent; some resigned, others rebellious; all propelled by blind fate toward unpredictable goals—stands the hierarchy of professional soldiers: majors, colonels, generals. The majority deserve nothing but derision or contempt. A few have retained a modicum of common sense despite their life in the barracks during peace time, but they usually drown this common sense in cognac: it is better not to see, not to understand, not to think. . . .

Lussu has a clear vision of what goes on about him and describes it with Homeric simplicity, curbing with knowing sobriety the sparkling sense of humor which he possesses to a high degree. Often a word dropped as though unintentionally in the course of a story provokes an irresistible outburst of laughter in which joyful surprise, achieved through unexpected contrasts, is interwoven with compassion and a feeling of revolt. The general "who never sleeps," the general who lectures to his officers on "coordination of intellects," the lieutenant-colonel who proposes himself for a medal for bravery, the major who orders the decimation of innocent soldiers, the professor of Greek are characters one can never forget after once having met them in Lussu's book. These pages, which drive home to the reader the senseless brutality to which the Italian soldier was subjected during the war, bring to light one of the main reasons for the general revolt against militarism in Italy once the war was over, and explain why the army chiefs had to organize the Fascist onslaught in order to stamp out that revolt.

Whoever has read "Road to Exile," published in 1936, will find, refined and brightened, those gifts of the narrator and humorist which make Lussu one of the most vigorous of contemporary Italian writers.

I placed "Sardinian Brigade" in the hands of an American college girl without telling her anything about the author,

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the content or the value of the book. She did not put the book down until she had read it from cover to cover.

Needless to say, Lussu is an Italian exile and his book will never be published in Italy. GAETANO SALVEMINI

The Wordsworths

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, THE LATER YEARS. Arranged and Edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford University Press. Three Volumes. $21.

WITH these three volumes of Wordsworth letters from 1821 to 1850, Mr. de Selincourt's vast labor is finished. The three earlier volumes covered the years 1787 to 1821; of the thousand-odd letters in the later volumes, more than half appear for the first time, and half of the remainder have appeared only in part. Mr. de Selincourt's chronology seems thoroughly sensible; only in a few places has he been obliged to omit words that could not be read; the notes are informative but not oppressive. And the Oxford Press has made volumes which are in format characteristically useful and beautiful.

There remain, of course, the Wordsworths! By now, with this voluminous correspondence and with Dorothy's journals, we have surely as much biographical material as exists for any individual family. They were a large family: Dorothy had three brothers besides William; William and his wife, Mary, had five children; there were cousins, sisters, aunts—but particularly sisters. Dorothy was not the only one; Sara Hutchinson, Wordsworth's sister-in-law, had spent, he said at her death, "three parts of the last thirty years under our roof." Moreover, for the last twenty years of his life Wordsworth was a famous man, with a large following; and late in life as well as early he formulated careful opinions on all sorts of subjects—literary, political, domestic, educational—and expressed them at length in his correspondence.

For half of the years covered by the present volumes Dorothy Wordsworth was ill, with a clouded mind as well as a weakened body. It is William, therefore, who emerges full stature from these later letters; William, who despised Byron and thought Chaucer "one of the greatest poets the world has ever seen," who "had towards the female sex as exquisite and pure feelings as ever the heart of man was blessed with"; William, who hated Napoleon, who spent years writing letters against the Reform Bill, who was convinced of the salutary effects of education, but not for the masses; William, who believed forever in the inestimable importance of a propertied class. It was William who could write a full and considerate and at the same time instructive letter to a young poet he barely knew, or a courteous letter to a complete stranger explaining why it was impossible for him to send an autograph, or letters by the dozen asking favors for sons, nephews, friends, friends of friends. William was "the crack skater on Rydal Lake" and "as to climbing of mountains, the hardiest and youngest are hardly a match for him"—the latter when he was fifty-nine. William, on his Italian journey, to which he had looked forward all his life, wrote:

> I have only to add that spite of all my gratification I shall be heartily glad to be in England as speedily as

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> I can, having seen what is proper to see—Venice will be the last spot in Italy thank God where we shall be detained. . . . Dearest Sister how I wish I knew how you are and you Dora are you improving and you Mary and how is Joanna and the fireside of Brinsop and how are John and Isabella and their little ones and Wm?

Finally, when Sara Hutchinson, beloved of all of them, had died, and Dorothy was suffering her last long illness, and Dora, Wordsworth's daughter, was an invalid, it was William who wrote pathetically to his son and namesake: "Let us all be good to each other."

Mr. de Selincourt promises that a new Wordsworth will emerge from these pages of correspondence. Not the old, egotistical, arrogant, and pettish poet, but a man of many sides, of many courtesies, and deeply dependent on those whom he loved and who loved him. What actually happens is that the old Wordsworth is there, with mitigating circumstances: his self-esteem was great, yet in truth he was a great man; he was cantankerous with publishers and more so with editors, but actually he had to earn money by what he wrote and was obliged to choose the manner of its publication; he expatiated at sometimes tedious length on the technique of his own poetry, but often enough in an earnest and well-meant attempt to be of service to a younger poet.

The character of Wordsworth, from these letters, is greatly amplified. He is not only a better but a more interesting man than he has been thought to be. But he is only the hero of these pages. The heroine is not poor, suffering Dorothy, writing as long as she could her affectionate, gossipy letters, but Mary, Wordsworth's wife. When he was seventy-six and she a year younger, he wrote: "My dear Wife is a wonderful woman; she is so active, and never complains." This was the most extreme of understatements. She had been wife, mother, sister, nurse, housekeeper, amanuensis, reader-aloud, and general comforter for forty-five years. She lived to be eighty-nine, nine years longer than her illustrious husband and four years longer than her sister-in-law. Wordsworth was quite right about her; in all of the seventeen-hundred-odd letters that Mr. de Selincourt has collected, there is no record that Mary ever complained. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

RECORDS

HADYN'S SYMPHONY No. 98, which heads Columbia's July list, is one of the great London group; and of this group it is one of those that are left unplayed while No. 88 and "The Surprise" and "The Clock" are done repeatedly. Thus, Toscanini's performance with the N. B. C. Symphony was the first in my experience, and Columbia's set (three records, $5) now offers the first recording, made by Howard Barlow with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra. The performance, as recorded, sounds loudly wooden where it should be richly brilliant; the quieter passages emerge phrased and colored more successfully; on the whole the set is not what the work deserves. A better job by Barlow and his orchestra is the single record ($1) of Griffes's imaginative, though derivative, "White Peacock."

The worst of Columbia's attempt to build up its parent company's studio conductor and orchestra is that it deprives us of the recording Beecham would have made of the Haydn symphony with his London Philharmonic. But we do get from him quite the finest recording thus far (one record, $1.50) of Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." I recommend it especially to those whose idea of this subtle work is derived from the version which Stokowski made apparently under the impression that he was conducting Wagner's Prelude to "Tristan and Isolda."

Bach's Partita No. 6, of which Gamut not so long ago issued Ernst Victor Wolff's superb performance on the harpsichord, has been recorded for Columbia by Gieseking (two records, $3.50). The change is not only from the timbres of the harpsichord to those of the piano, but from Wolff's boldness and imposing breadth of style to Gieseking's sinuous delicacy, which, executed with its incredible perfection, is fascinating even where the music is dull.

Dvorak's String Quartet Opus 51 is Dvorak at his best in rich melodic flow and harmonic color, in rhythmic vitality, in writing for strings; and the Lener Quartet plays it very beautifully (four records, $6). The Columbia set of Beethoven's Violin Sonata Opus 30 No. 3 I will discuss when I have heard the new Victor set.

That leaves two singles. One ($1.50) offers the effective piano figurations and harmonic bite of Villa-Lobos's "Tarrapos" and "O Ginete do Pierrozinho," brilliantly played by Maria Antonia de Castro, and his "Choros No. 5," which I find less interesting. The other ($1) offers Charles Ives's 67th Psalm and William Schuman's Choral Etude, sung by Lehman Engel's Madrigal Singers. Much has been written of Ives as an authentically American composer; and as much, I fear, is going to be written of Schuman. But I doubt that Americans will recognize themselves in the piercing dissonances which Ives goes in for; and Schuman seems to have adopted the method of Roy Harris in which one postulates a rawboned America and expresses it with rawboned music. With this method even a man apparently without a spark of inner musical impulse and with no more than a spark of musical ability can set an orchestra to blaring out one gigantically distended figure for twenty minutes and convince himself and one or two other persons that he is expressing America, as Schuman did in the symphony which C. B. S. broadcast last September. The method is Roy Harris's, but the pupil is outdoing the master. B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Art and "Facts"

Dear Sirs: I am grateful to Mr. Davis for the opportunity of making my opinions on the subject of American Art Today more explicit. At the same time I regret that I cannot discuss these opinions quite in Mr. Davis's terms, since I believe the appraisal of any art work to be based upon subjective and comparative evaluations rather than upon "facts" and to have no more than an ideate "accord with reality." This distinction may be carried further and described as the difference between statistical and qualitative appreciations of art.

The former approach, which is exemplified in the show under discussion, seems to me not merely misleading but dangerous, since it eliminates the element of judgment and depends for its validity upon strict physical factors. An artist may, for example, turn out completely representative work for Tulsa and yet it may compare unfavorably with the product of Kansas City, which in turn may be inferior to Cleveland. The inclusion in an exhibition of all three such paintings solely on the basis of local achievement and proportional representation seems to me provincializing in influence and chauvinistic in effect. (May I note that my original reference was to chauvinistic *criteria* and not as Mr. Davis suggests to his "organizational set-up" and that I am at a loss to understand the confusion of the two terms?) In the same way, I believe that democratic method (the quotation marks in my article referred to Mr. Cahill's foreword, page 19) is social in its implications and no more clarifying of what is esthetically good or bad than such terms as "feudal" or "oligarchic," which are not evaluative, but descriptive of the physical conditions under which art has functioned at various times; that, despite its era, the inherent social nature of any successful creative work (whether Watteau or Disney) is inevitably democratic, since such a work may be identified with classless and universal experience; and that, consequently, any dogma which localizes this universal potentiality is undemocratic, anti-cultural, and acts as a form of destructive censorship.

May I add that the "eradication of art" is neither my desire nor intention. On the contrary, I have profound critical respect for the accomplishments of the American artist as exemplified in various exhibitions in the past. That respect, as a matter of fact, is the basis of my quarrel with the judges of American Art Today.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 20

More Light on Krivitsky

Dear Sirs: Before the Krivitsky articles were written, certainly long before they were published in the *Saturday Evening Post,* there appeared in France Boris Souvarine's biography of Stalin, an English translation of which has been announced for publication here in the fall by the Alliance Book Corporation, a subsidiary of Longmans, Green and Company.

In Mr. Souvarine's meticulously documented biography I have found two references to W. Krivitsky which should confute the charges of the *New Masses* that he is an impostor. I quote them for the benefit of those impartial souls interested in the truth:

> Two have saved their honor with their lives by remaining abroad, A. Barmin and W. Krivitsky, the latter in the service of the Commissariat of War.

> W. Krivitsky, a Communist who has stood every test and reached the rank of general in his department, could declare to the *Bulletin de l'Opposition* (December, 1937) that the number of political arrests . . .

It is significant that the *New Masses,* ordinarily so well informed on the identity of the least noteworthy fellow-traveler, should have shown such ignorance in the case of a prominent Communist who held a post of responsibility and who had the courage to sign the articles he wrote.

FRANCES WINWAR

New Hampton, N. Y., July 15

Dust in the Wind

Dear Sirs: Notwithstanding the high regard in which I hold certain men and women in our public life who are in opposition to the possible nomination of President Roosevelt for a third term, and although I have no illusions as to the deficiencies of the present Administration, I am heartily in accord with the policy of *The Nation* on this point.

The anti-third term tradition is after all but a tradition, and one which is to be settled by the people rather than by any political party machine. There can be no question as to the economic interests that are opposing the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt nor of the fact that they are predominantly hostile to economic reform, civil liberties, and the rights of labor. Herbert Hoover's reported remark that failure to nominate Roosevelt would split the Democratic Party reveals the real concern of the opposition, which is not with tradition, but with a walk-over for the Republicans, whether or not they have a majority of the people with them.

The unity of liberal and labor forces against the threat of national disaster in the form of a Republican return to power is the real issue. All else is dust in the wind.

ROBERT WHITAKER

Los Gatos, Calif., June 26

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